The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdewe,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I ſtrong o're them and you o're me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie vs all congeſt,
As compound loue to phiſick your cold breſt.

My parts had powre to charme a ſacred Sunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giuing place:
O moſt potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor ſpace
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainſt rule, gainſt ſence, gainſt ſhame
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.

Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,

And

And credent ſoule, to that ſtro
That ſhall preferre and vnder

This ſaid, his watrie eies he di
Whoſe ſightes till then were
Each cheeke a riuer running f
With bryniſh currant downe
Oh how the channell to the ſt
Who glaz'd with Chriſtall ga
That flame through water wh

Oh father, what a hell of witc
In the ſmall orb of one perfec
But with the invndation of th
What rocky heart to water w
What breſt ſo cold that is not
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty h
Both fire from hence, and chi

For loe his paſſion but an art
Euen there reſolu'd my reaſon
There my white ſtole of chaſt
Shooke off my ſober gardes, a
Appeare to him as he to me ap
All melting, though our drop
His poiſon'd me, and mine di

In him a plenitude of ſubtle
Applied to Cautills, all ſtrain
Of burning bluſhes, or of wee
Or ſounding paleneſſe: and h
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranck, t
Or to turne white and ſound

That not a heart which in his